

READINGS BOOKLET



GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 33

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

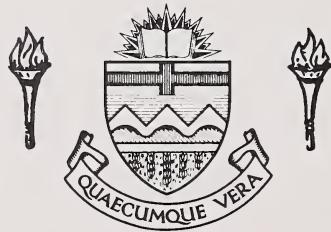
June 1984

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 33**

PART B: Readings (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Part B of the English 33 Diploma Examination presents 65 items in the Questions Booklet and eight reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

**CHECK TO MAKE SURE YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 33 QUESTIONS BOOKLET
AND AN ENGLISH 33 READINGS BOOKLET.**

YOU WILL HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

**DUPLICATION OF THIS PAPER IN ANY MANNER, OR ITS USE FOR
PURPOSES OTHER THAN THOSE AUTHORIZED AND SCHEDULED BY
ALBERTA EDUCATION, IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED.**

JUNE 1984

I. Read the excerpt from *The Loved and the Lost* and answer items 1 to 7 from your Questions Booklet.

from THE LOVED AND THE LOST

In the corner to the left of the Canadian goal a Ranger forward was blocked out and held against the boards by a Canadian defenceman, who cleared the puck up the ice. The Ranger forward, skating past the defenceman, turned and slashed at him, breaking the stick across his shoulder. The official didn't see it. The play was at the other end of the ice. The defenceman who had been slashed spun around crazily on his skates, dropped to his knees, and circled around holding his neck. The crowd screamed. The other Canadian defenceman, dropping his stick and gloves, charged at the Ranger forward and started swinging. The Ranger forward backed away, his stick up, trying to protect himself. The official, stopping the play, made frantic motions at the fist-swinging defenceman, waving him off the ice. Another Ranger forward came out of nowhere and dived at the defenceman and tackled him; then all the players converged on one another, each one picking an opponent in the widening huddle, fists swinging, gloves and sticks littering the ice. Some of the players fenced with their sticks. The crowd howled in glee. The referee finally separated the players and handed out penalties. He gave a major penalty to the Canadian defenceman who had first dropped his stick to attack the Ranger forward who had really precipitated the brawl; he gave a minor to the Ranger forward who had dived at this defenceman and tackled him. And the forward who had broken his stick over the defenceman's shoulder, the instigator, the real culprit, was permitted to escape. He skated around lazily, an indifferent innocent.

"What about him?" the priest asked Catherine as he pointed at the Ranger. "Yes, what about him? Look at the fake innocent," Catherine cried. She thrust out her arm accusingly. Ten thousand others stood up, pointed and screamed indignantly, "Hey, what about him? Why don't you give *him* a penalty?" The Ranger skated nonchalantly to the bench to get a new stick. His air of innocence was infuriating, yet the referee, the blind fool, was deceived by it. The players on the Canadian bench, all standing up, slapped their sticks on the boards, screamed at the referee, and pointed. The referee, his hands on his hips, went right on ignoring the angry booing. He proposed to face off the puck.

"Boo — boo — boo!" Catherine yelled, her handsome face twisted, her eyes glazed with indignation. "He's letting him go scot-free. The one who started the whole thing."

The stout French Canadian, who had been standing up shouting imprecations in bewilderingly rapid French, suddenly broke into English. Twelve thousand people were also screaming, but by shifting to English he imagined he would get the referee to listen to him. His jaw trembled, his eyes rolled back in their sockets, he was ready to weep; then his face became red and swollen, and he cried out passionately, "Blind man! Idiot! All night you are a blind man! A thief, a cheat! You're despicable — go on back home, go out and die! I spit on you!" He cupped his hands around his mouth and let out a gigantic moan.

45 The ice was now a small white space at the bottom of a great black pit where sacrificial figures writhed, and on the vast slopes of the pit a maniacal white-faced mob shrieked at the one with the innocent air who had broken the rules, and the one who tolerated the offence. It was a yapping frenzied roaring. Short and choppy above the sound of horns, whistles, and bells, the stout French Canadian pounded McAlpine's shoulder; he jumped up on his own seat, he reached down and tore off his rubbers and hurled them at the ice. A shower of rubbers came from all sections of the arena and littered the ice as the players ducked and backed away. Hats sailed in wide arcs above the ice and floated down.

50 "They've all gone crazy," McAlpine muttered to Catherine. "Just a crazy howling mob."

Morley Callaghan

II. Read the following principal's announcement and the draft of a letter written by Mr. Green's Block 5 class in response to it. Answer items 8 to 12 from your Questions Booklet.

Central Composite High School
Morning Announcement April 20, 1984

It has become apparent once again that abuse of the cafeteria is a problem in our school. Lunch bags and wrappers are being left on the tables. Orange peelings and apple cores litter the floor. We may have to close the cafeteria if something is not done soon to correct this problem. I would appreciate it if students or student groups who have positive solutions to this problem would submit suggestions to me before Friday, April 27.

April 23, 1984.

Ms. K. Paige,
Principal
Central Composite High School
Exeter, Alberta

ROUGH DRAFT

Dear Ms. Paige:

W Our Block 5 English class thought the announcement was real good. We agree with you that the situation is gross.

X When you decide what to do about the mess, come to our class and tell us.

Y We talked about the problems and decided that one of the following ideas should work. These suggestions are arranged from the one we like the least to the one we like best

remember
to do
① 1. clean-up for offenders (offenders identified by students)
② 2. Student supervision ~~of cafeteria~~
③ 3. all teachers to eat with students and to supervise
④ 4. raise prices and use revenue to hire extra cleaning staff
⑤ 5. cafeteria to close on five-minute notice if mess develops

Z We hope that you will agree that the idea about closing the cafeteria is the best, and that having students supervise is the worst.

yours sincerely
Pat Jones

(on behalf of the students of
Mr. Green's Block 5 class)

III. Read “Rink Keeper’s Sestina” and answer items 13 to 20 from your Questions Booklet.

RINK KEEPER’S SESTINA¹

Call me Zamboni.² Nights my job is hockey.
I make the ice and watch the kids take slapshots
At each other. They act like Esposito,
As tough in the slot as Phil, as wild with fury
5 In fights. Their coaches tell me this is pleasure.
But it isn’t pleasure. What it is, is Hockey.

Now let me tell you what I mean by Hockey.
I mean the fights. I mean young kids in fury,
And all these coaches yelling for more slapshots.
10 I tell you, blood is spilled here. This is pleasure?
It seems to me the coaches should teach hockey,
Not how to act like Schultz or Esposito.

Look, I have nothing against Phil Esposito.
He’s one of the greats, no question, it’s a pleasure
15 To watch him play. My point is, why teach fury?
If I know life (at least if I know hockey),
Then fury’s here to stay. We don’t need Hockey
To tell us that, we don’t need fights and slapshots.

Like yesterday. I heard a coach yell, “Slapshots!
20 Take slapshots, son! You think Phil Esposito
Hangs back? And hit! And hit again! That’s hockey!”
But he was wrong. The kid was ten. That’s Hockey.
You could tell the boy admired his coach’s fury.
It won’t be long before he hits with pleasure.

25 Sure, I’m no saint. I know. I’ve gotten pleasure
From fury, too, like any man. And hockey
At times gets changed around in me to Hockey.
I’ve yelled for blood at Boston Garden. Slapshots?
They’ve thrilled me. I’ve seen men clobber Esposito
30 And loved it when he hit them back with fury.

But you know what? Before these days of fury,
When indoor rinks were just a gleam in Hockey
Fanatics’ eyes, there was no greater pleasure
Than winter mornings. Black ice. (Esposito
35 Knew days like this as a boy.) Some friends. No slapshots,
But a clear, cold sky. Choose teams. Drop the puck. Play hockey.

Yes, before big Hockey (sorry, Esposito),
Before the fury and all the blazing slapshots,
We had great pleasure outdoors playing hockey.

¹sestina – a particular form of poem

George Draper

²Zamboni – the brand name of the ice-cleaning machine

IV. Read the excerpt from *A Letter to My Son* and answer items 21 to 33 from your Questions Booklet.

from A LETTER TO MY SON

Cast:

OLD LEPA (also referred to as Ivan)
STEFAN – his son
NANCY – a social worker
MARINA – Old Lepa's sister (also referred to as Marusha)
DMITRO – Marina's husband

SETTING: *Interior of a farm kitchen.*

A table, two chairs, overhead electric light. Cupboards and hanging utensils can be dimly seen in the background. The audience sees clearly only those things necessary to the daily functioning of the lonely old man. These are also all that Old Lepa sees clearly, because unless things are useful and essential to him, they are not part of his thoughts — they are out of focus for him.

The stage has two levels. The lower front is used to portray the people and situations that the old man faces in the present. Behind this, slightly higher, Old Lepa's memories are staged. Here are the people, the relationships, and the situations of his past.

Nancy, whose relationship with him is immediate and ongoing, would have her entrances and exits directly into his kitchen area. The others would enter on the upper level as indicated for extensions of memory.

The play opens on Old Lepa at the table, seated. He is laboriously composing a letter in a scribbler, such as the ones used by school children as exercise books. Under musical opening, he labors for a long while over a phrase, then erases it. Tries again, ponders what he has written thus far, or is about to write.

ACT I

OLD LEPA (Recorded voice): Dear Stefan: How is everything with you?
20 I hope good. I wrote you the time I went to the doctor with my back.
They know nothing . . . the doctors . . . so they found nothing wrong
with me that time. If nothing is wrong, then how come it hurts so
much? If they *found* something wrong, would it hurt even more? I tell
you, Stefan, conversing with a man of learning these days is talking
to the deaf. Whatever they know, they keep to themselves. Not like
some others . . . and I hope you will forgive me for saying so. I am
writing this letter to say I am not happy with you . . . *Old Lepa stares
at the letter he has written. He sighs and drops it on the table with
exasperation.*

30 OLD LEPA: That is a wrong way to begin — it is neither one thing nor another! Why is it when I write a letter, I am making a wallet out of wood? Lepa, you have lived a long time, but you have learned nothing . . . not a darned thing. What way is this to write a letter to your son, eh? Don't dance around and hem and haw like a coward — say it! My son is an educated man and would laugh at this foolishness.

35 You haven't started to tell him, and already half the page is used up. What has the doctor got to do with now and what happened? *He sits glumly staring at the scribbler, oblivious to the sounds of his fields and outside world.*

40 OLD LEPA *Beginning to write again. (Recorded voice):* Dear Stefan . . . ach! What am I doing? The words fall like stones on the paper . . . *He pushes the scribbler away and drops pencil on table. Sits brooding.* I should tell him maybe how the fields look in the setting sun . . . black trees holding up the sky, and between them and me, all them

45 fields of yellow wheat glowing in a holy fire! Yeh . . . tell him that, and then give him heck!

Nancy enters into edge of set, an overstuffed attaché case in her hand.

NANCY: Mister Lepa?

50 OLD LEPA (*Recorded voice*): She came by today . . . in her little car that makes a tink, tink sound under the hood when she parks it in my front yard near the lilac bush . . . and she walks to where I'm standing . . . looking at the fields . . . *Sound of outside world dies on remembered conversation with Nancy.*

NANCY: Mister Lepa?

55 OLD LEPA: Yah?

NANCY: *Smiling.* Mister Lepa?

OLD LEPA: *Impatiently.* Yah? What is it?

56 NANCY: Mister Lepa — you've died . . . *Light dies on Nancy. Bird and barking dog sounds return in background. Old Lepa rises and pours himself a hot drink.*

60 OLD LEPA (*Recorded voice*): That happened . . . when? Yesterday? A year ago? . . . It don't make no difference. She came that first time . . . briefcase in her hand with "Government of Canada" written on it . . . to tell me that I've died! And I think to myself — the government of Canada comes to an old man's farm in a small Japanese car to tell him that good news. I think some more, and I begin to laugh . . . *Old Lepa chuckles at the memory.* If I was the government of Canada, I would at least listen for a heartbeat before I pronounced a man dead!

65 *Sad music — an old mournful Ukrainian folk melody which fades slowly.*

70 OLD LEPA *settles at the table with his mug and wipes his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt. He moves scribbler and pencil to himself and begins to write.*

75 OLD LEPA: If only words were like feelings — free and simple as the rain and wind, how well would I write what I wish to say! But this . . . this is the labor of the damned! I think words come easy for my Stefan.

80 STEFAN (*Recorded voice*): I think you should leave this farm, father. I can find you an apartment in town, with someone to come in and . . . OLD LEPA: *Writing furiously.* Words come easy for my son . . . it's the thoughts that are difficult for him!

Continued

STEFAN (*Recorded voice*): *Impatiently.* There's nothing for you here! There never was, you know . . . Look — you've sold the land, so why hang on to this house and garden? Where are your neighbors now? In town — in apartments and rest homes!

85 OLD LEPA: *Still writing, but glaring into distance.* My boy always had a way with words — especially when saying stupid things! There — I've said it, and I feel better already! *He sits back, momentarily content.* But remorse quickly settles in. Why am I like this — saying such things? . . . I am old enough to have a pension. But I got no pension.

90 It's time maybe to shut my mouth and not say everything that comes into my head. But . . . I can't help myself. They bring it out of me . . . *He shakes his head in wonder at his follies and reaches uncertainly for his drink.*

95 OLD LEPA (*Recorded voice*): They bring it out of me — my sister, Marina . . . and her Dmitro. The ones who did good. The ones the Angliki call "them good Ukrainians" . . . I am sixty-five years old that day. An old man, no? . . . *Sounds of outdoor world abruptly stop.* I'm cleaning the chicken coop . . . pushing the wheelbarrow and putting manure in the garden. Stefan had sent me chocolates by mail the day before — why, I'll never know. I still got my own teeth, but eating chocolates — even one small piece — makes them hurt now . . . I hear Dmitro and Marina's car drive up. And without looking, I know she doesn't like the smell of my yard . . .

105 *Marina enters into edge of upper level of stage, her arms out in an exaggerated and insincere greeting. And still in an exaggerated motion, she pinches her nose in disgust.*

MARINA: Dear brother . . . Phew! What a stench! *Old Lepa hits the table with his drinking mug.*

110 *Dmitro enters and stops beside her, breathless with rushing to get there.* Marina winces and glances disapprovingly at her husband. Then she reaches with her arms to Old Lepa again.

MARINA: Happy birthday, my brother! *Grinning, Old Lepa half-acknowledges the greeting with a motion of his hand.* May Almighty God in his wisdom give you many more years of good health!

115 OLD LEPA: You asking him, or telling him, Marusha? . . . Sometimes it's hard to tell the difference with you . . .

MARINA: I ask God for mercy!

OLD LEPA: That's good to know . . .

120 MARINA: *Persisting.* I am a devout woman, Ivan. I pray whenever I have time . . .

OLD LEPA: So I hear. What about you, Dmitro? What do you think of all this praying business? *Dmitro withdraws into background as to be scarcely visible.*

DMITRO: It's like Marina says . . .

125 OLD LEPA: Never mind what Marina says! She speaks to . . . and often for . . . God, I think. Surely, she doesn't speak for you as well!

Dmitro chuckles nervously and awkwardly turns his hat in his hands.

DMITRO: You know how it is . . . Old Lepa turns to stare at him.

130 DMITRO: *Speaking quickly, eyes averted . . .* And so . . . how does it feel to reach the age of retirement, Ivan?

MARINA: Yes . . . how does it feel? *Old Lepa turns away from them, brooding and distressed.*

135

OLD LEPA (*Recorded voice*): My brother-in-law and my sister — when I think the worst of them I think the devil wore his way through a pair of boots finding them for one another — the clothing merchant and his wife. Dmitro speaks like a man, and he thinks. But all important questions about how he lives and thinks . . . are answered by Marina. She speaks for both of them . . . and when she has time, she speaks to God! But God must forgive me for such thoughts . . . these are good people. I owe them everything. To my death, I will owe them . . . for they raised my Stefan after Hanya died . . .

140

George Ryga

V. Read “The Landlady” and answer items 34 to 39 from your Questions Booklet.

THE LANDLADY

This is the lair¹ of the landlady.

She is
a raw voice
loose in the rooms beneath me,

5 the continuous henyard
squabble going on below
thought in this house like
the bicker of blood through the head.

10 She is everywhere, intrusive as the smells
that bulge in under my doorsill;
she presides over my
meager eating, generates
the light for eyestrain.

15 From her I rent my time:
she slams
my days like doors.
Nothing is mine

20 and when I dream images
of daring escapes through the snow
I find myself walking
always over a vast face
which is the land-
lady's, and wake up shouting.

25 She is a bulk, a knot
swollen in space. Though I have tried
to find some way around
her, my senses
are cluttered by perception
and can't see through her.

30 She stands there, a raucous² fact
blocking my way:
immutable,³ a slab
of what is real,

solid as bacon.

¹lair – a wild animal's den

²raucous – harsh, boisterous, disorderly

³immutable – fixed, unalterable

Margaret Atwood

VI. Read “Simply Super: A Review of *Superman*” and answer items 40 to 50 from your Questions Booklet.

SIMPLY SUPER: A REVIEW OF *SUPERMAN*

Jackie Hudson had a broken front tooth that was the envy of the neighborhood. He also had a copy of the Superman comic book that traced the origins of the Man of Steel from the destruction of the planet Krypton to his discovery of his role in the fight for law and order. In a long and heated trading session, at the cost of several Green Hornets and Batmans, the prized Superman finally came into my possession. Few stories held such hypnotic fascination over my childhood imagination.

5 Superman has now leapt with a single bound into my adulthood, not as a 10-cent comic book, but as a \$35-million movie from Warner's, with 10 a script begun by Mario Puzo, father of *The Godfather*, and cameo performances by Marlon Brando, Susannah York, Glenn Ford, Gene Hackman, Valerie Perrine and Jackie Cooper. A record album of the score by John Williams is an enthusiastic combination of the best of *Star Wars* and Richard Strauss's *Death and Transfiguration*. A paperback thriller, 15 *Superman, The Last Son of Krypton*, by Elliott S. Maggin is billed as "first in Warner's new serial of Superman novels." The Broadway revival of George Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman* is apparently merely a coincidence, but it does add to a general paranoia that the nation has been taken over by the Superman industry.

20 Like most other big-budget movies intended to drag in record audiences, *Superman* is aimed at young adults, who were, of course, not even in sight when Superman first dropped in from Krypton in 1938. The current version opens with a small-screen image of an old comic book and, as the pages turn and lumps of nostalgia rise in the throats of the pre-Beatles 25 generation, the screen grows wider and the sound rises for what must be the longest and loudest set of credits in motion picture history. The audience is whisked away from its old comic book memories through the galaxies in a journey comparable to *2001: A Space Odyssey*. It turns out to be a joy-ride from start to finish.

30 Three stories, each with its own character, are folded in upon one another in this two-and-a-half-hour epic of good humor. The first and most dominant story begins on the planet Krypton, as the wise and white-haired Jor-El (Marlon Brando) has just finished his summation to the jury and must cast the deciding vote in the conviction of three traitors. The traitors are 35 condemned, compressed into a two-dimensional playing card and whisked off to space in some kind of magical time warp. They have nothing to do with the film, but the publicity gremlins at Warner's have let out the word that this troublesome trio will return to their villainous ways in *Superman II*, now in production.

40 After the distraction of this preview of things to come, the real story begins. Krypton is coming apart at the seams. This should be no surprise, even to the densest of Kryptonians, since the whole place looks like a chandelier designed by one of Queen Victoria's favorite artists gone mad. Jor-El fires his son to Smallville, U.S.A., just as Krypton blows up. (It is 45 a terrible thing to do to a child, with Glenn Ford as a foster father, too!)

Continued

Aw, shucks, he can't even get to first base with the girls and is making a gosh-darned mess out of his life, until that magic day when he travels to the North Pole, and there, amid the caves of ice, Jor-El appears as bard among the bergs and tells young Mr. Kent of his law-and-order destiny.

50 The plot may seem a bit, shall we say, thin, but it does provide an excuse for the marvelous science-fiction special effects, and that is really what this Krypton story is all about anyway.

The second plot is cops-and-robbers comedy in the style of the old "Batman" television series. Archvillain Lex Luthor steals a missile from

55 the United States and plans to blast California into the Pacific by dropping a superbomb into the San Andreas fault. As a precaution, he uses a chunk of kryptonite from an old meteor to capture Superman and render him powerless in an apartment that is a replica of Grand Central Terminal in, not New York, but Metropolis. At the last possible minute . . . well, you know.

60 Superman's love life, the third plot, is centred on the bumbling but nice Clark Kent, who has to put on his red cape and blue longjohns to have the courage to woo Lois Lane, a tough-talking but basically nice-once-you-get-to-know-her reporter for *The Daily Planet*.

65 Even though the three stories form an impossible mixture of *Star Wars*, "Batman," and *The Front Page*, the combination works. Most of the credit must go to the engaging performance of the two principals, Christopher Reeve in the title role and Margot Kidder as Lois. They seem to be enjoying themselves so much that an audience is swept right along by their

70 enthusiasm. The director, Richard Donner, has left them enough humanity to make them believable and enough comic-book heroics to provide the laughs.

Analyses of *Superman* and the Superman phenomenon are already rolling out of typewriters across the nation, much to my dread. Before long,

75 there will no doubt be theological¹ interpretations of the story: A father sends his son to earth to do good and save mankind from its evil ways, yet he is not to use his special powers to change the course of human history. Clark Kent must die, so that Superman may conquer evil. And so on and on and on.

80 The reason for this compulsion is obvious. This is a big, enjoyable movie that is beautifully executed and competently marketed during a holiday season. Not able to believe in the skill of Hollywood fantasy makers and New York publicity crafters, the critics and commentators will search the crevices of their own imaginations to explain the enthusiasm.

85 Jackie Hudson knew the secret. He knew that his comic book was a valuable piece of property and he made his customers pay for it. He did not have to speculate on America's search for a hero or the age of cynicism that trivializes the heroic. No, he knew a good comic book when he saw one.

Richard A. Blake

¹theological – having to do with the analysis of religious faith

VII. Read the following materials about Robin's move to Nalwen and answer items 51 to 58 from your Questions Booklet.

Robin is planning to move to an apartment in Nalwen, Alberta on July 15, 1984. In preparation for the move, Robin has collected the following materials:

- P — a letter from friends who live in Nalwen
- Q — a copy of *Guide to Apartment Living*
- R — a map of the city
- S — a list of apartments
- T — a budget
- U — a copy of *This Month in Nalwen*

P. Letter

Nalwen, Alberta
June 30, 1984

Dear Robin,

Your new job with Westwind Awning sounds great, especially since it means you will be moving to Nalwen. Sandy and I really like this city, and are looking forward to showing it to you even though we'll have to do so by bus (our wreck of a car broke down last week).

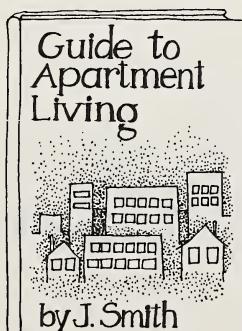
You will be happy to hear that it is a great city for sports. The Rec. Centre has excellent year-round facilities so you'll be able to continue your swimming and diving lessons. Just think, we'll be attending the CFL games at Murdoch Stadium, and next winter we'll see at least a few NHL games in the new arena. However, on our budget, seats up near the rafters are our only choice.

Aren't you lucky that your grandmother is giving you some furniture and that your uncle is lending you his pick-up truck to move it? Let us know the date of your arrival, and we'll be there to help you settle in. We'll even bring food!

See you soon,

Tracy

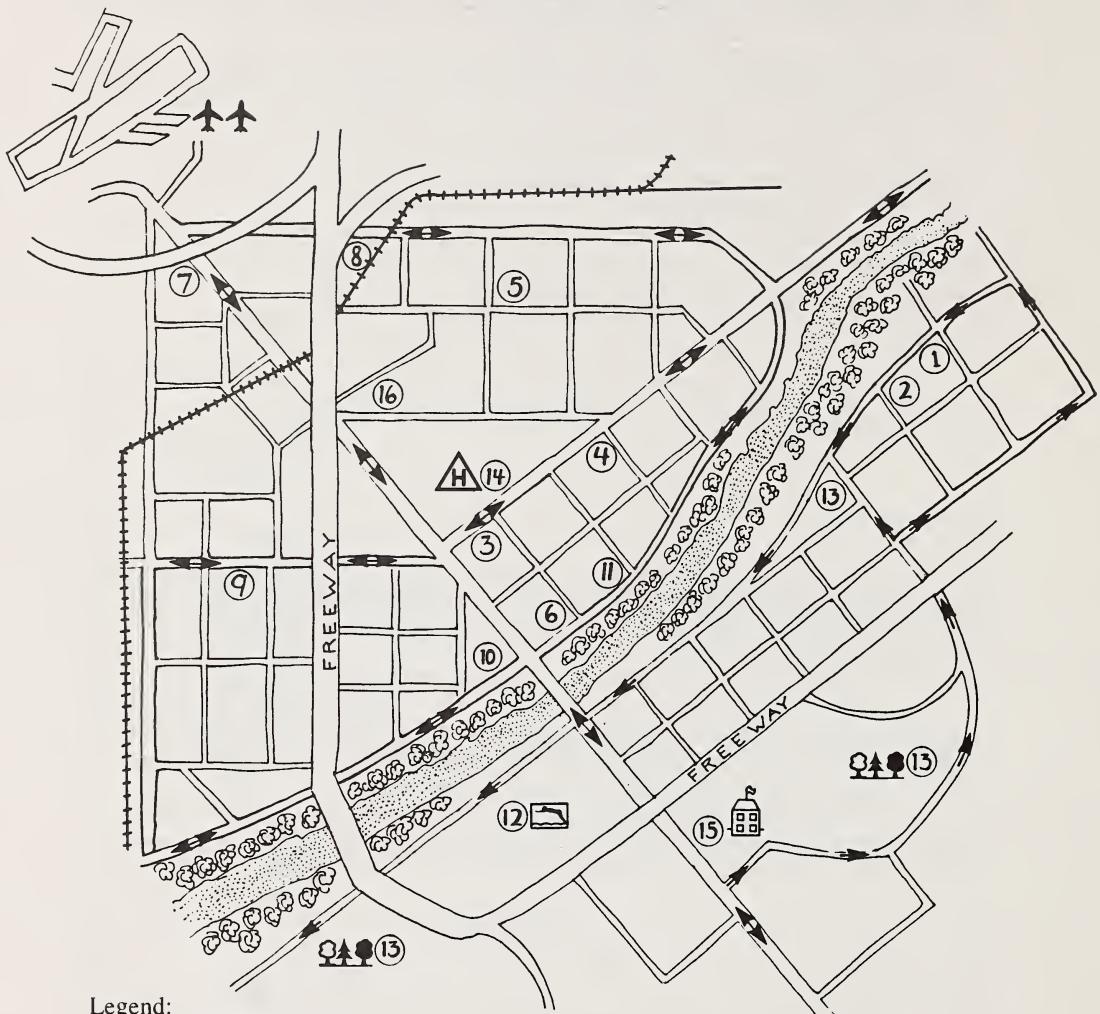
Q.



Guide to Apartment Living, by John Smith, includes a wealth of information about renting living space in Alberta. The book is aimed at the novice apartment-dweller, but even experienced renters can learn much from this easy-to-read guide. The author gives a colorful account of his own early experiences as an apartment-renter before proceeding with specific information on the legal aspects of tenants' rights and leasing in Alberta. *Guide to Apartment Living* offers helpful hints on apartment-hunting, moving, budgeting, and many other subjects of importance to today's mobile generation. 235 pages. \$12.95.

Continued

R. City Map



Legend:

- Bus routes
- ↔ Railway
- ✈️ Airport

1. Royal George Estates
2. Wild Rose Apartments
3. Blairhill Manor
4. Cartier Place
5. Townview Court
6. Antonia Apartments
7. Central Apartments
8. Appelton Apartments
9. Westwind Awning Company
10. Shopping centre
11. Corner grocery
12. Murdoch Stadium, Pool, and Recreation Centre
13. Parks
14. Hospital and Health Services
15. School
16. Senior Citizens' Centre

S. List of Apartments

	Cost per month for one-bedroom apartments (utilities included)
Royal George Estates	\$ 650.00
Wild Rose Apartments	\$ 500.00
Blairhill Manor	\$ 425.00
Cartier Place	\$ 425.00
Townview Court	\$ 315.00
Antonia Apartments	\$ 300.00
Central Apartments	\$ 300.00
Appleton Apartments	\$ 275.00

T. Robin's Budget

<u>CASH</u>	<u>ANTICIPATED EXPENSES</u>
	<u>Initial Expenses</u>
Loan from Dad \$1000.00	\$ 50.00 telephone installation
Savings \$ 500.00	\$ 50.00 tenant's insurance
Savings Bond \$ 500.00	\$250.00 damage deposit
	<u>\$350.00 Total*</u>
*Note: Must use some of loan money to cover first month's rent	
Salary \$ 860.00 (take-home per month)	<u>Monthly Costs (in addition to rent)</u>
	\$ 35.00 monthly bus pass
	\$ 10.00 telephone
	\$200.00 food
	\$ 60.00 recreation and entertainment
	\$ 40.00 miscellaneous (laundry, medicine, gifts)
	\$ 50.00 to Dad to repay loan
	\$ 75.00 clothing
	<u>\$ 75.00 savings</u>
	<u>\$545.00 Total</u>

U. *This Month in Nalwen* Editor: Jan Brown

This handy guide to activities in Nalwen is published monthly and lists current local happenings in sports, music, movies, theatres, museums, and art. Recreational facilities are also listed. In addition, there is a shoppers' guide to major shopping centres and specialty stores. A comprehensive dining-out section is included. Each issue features a list of free activities.

Where applicable, the guide gives complete information about locations, admission fees, business hours, food services, and nearby transportation. Single copies \$1.00. Yearly subscriptions \$10.00.

VIII. Read "To Reach the Sea" and answer items 59 to 65 from your Questions Booklet.

TO REACH THE SEA

It cost \$250. When Jane Barlow took courage to question the price, M. Marmaduc, who had made it, said, "I am an artist, Madame, a very sensitive man. Is Madame trying to say it is not worth it?"

And it was worth it. She wore the wig that evening—blue-black, shining, 5 superb. The party was a little depressing, so when someone said, "I've been admiring your hair all evening," she took off the wig, for a joke, and things were gayer. Then she put it on again and presently asked her husband to take her home, because the gaiety had evaporated.

She loved the wig. It sat on a stand like Marie Antoinette's severed head, 10 and when she wore it she saw women look at her as she came into a room, and she could see them wondering: Is it or isn't it? Either way they were envious.

Before long, however, the wig began to worry her. It didn't look right any more; there was too much of it, and her face looked small. She took 15 it back to M. Marmaduc and told him, "I think it needs redressing. There's something wrong with it."

"I am an artist, Madame — there can be nothing wrong." But when she called for it a week later, he admitted, "I think it is a finished creation, but there was a little too much hair. I have taken a soupçon¹ off here, a flick off here — it is now perfect."

Jane wore it that night, and it was perfect. "Like living hair," John said. John was not her husband, but the man she wished she had met first. "It pales and narrows your face to a kind of tragic beauty."

Jane laughed, because they must never look as if they were talking 25 seriously in corners; but she did feel a little tragic. They had agreed to be gay and sophisticated about their situation, but tonight it seemed to be closing in on her. Her husband looked at her admiringly across the room, but she felt afraid.

Jane came home after a month's holiday, not caring that her hair was 30 a wreck from the sun and sea, because the wig was waiting. But the very first time she wore it, it seemed wrong again. She set it in pin curls on the severed head, left it for a week, then tried it on late at night after her husband was asleep. She sat in front of her dressing table, staring with dark strange eyes at the white face dwarfed by the glorious mass of black hair.

There was no doubt about it, absolutely no doubt at all.

The wig was growing.

She snatched it off and put it quickly back on the dummy head in the box. It was her imagination. It must be. She left it on the shelf for three weeks; then one night, with a beating heart, she put it on again.

I am going mad, she thought. In a panic, she took scissors and hacked 40 at the hair, gathering up the fallen bits in newspaper and running down to burn them in the furnace.

¹soupçon – a very little bit

45 The wig was unwearable now, lopsidedly chopped. She wept, the uncontrollable sobs shaking her long after she had stuffed the box back on the shelf and gone brokenly to bed.

“Why do you never wear that expensive wig?” her husband asked, and John said, irked by her moodiness when they met in the discreetly shadowed bar, “Don’t let yourself go, Janey. Put on that glorious wig again, and sparkle.”

50 She went to another hairdresser, not M. Marmaduc, and had her hair deepened in colour and teased into a huge frame for her nervous white face, and asked her husband, “How does the wig look?” For no one must ever know she could not wear it.

55 She would not look at it. Every time she opened the closet, her eyes flew to the tall box on the shelf. Her hands went up, impulsively, but she forced them down.

She waited another two months. When her husband was away, she took down the box and opened it.

60 It was not a shock. It was with a sigh of submissive recognition that she saw that the hair had grown at least two inches — uneven, ragged at the ends, but well below her ears when she put the wig on.

She went out and walked about the streets for half the night, not knowing where she went, knowing only that she was looking for something she would never find.

65 Many nights in the following months, when her husband was asleep, she would put on the growing wig and slip out of the house to wander through the streets, across the bridges, along the river wall, the long unkempt black hair shrouding her back and shoulders and half veiling her face.

70 They found her in the river, one cold dawn, her own hair strung like seaweed across her dead face. A boy digging for bait found the wig caught under a jetty, its long hair floating out in the murky water to try to reach the sea. . . .

“It will cost Madame two hundred and fifty dollars.”

“All right,” said the customer. “But where does the hair come from?”

75 “Northern Italy. I used to get beautiful black hair from Sicily, but I will not buy from that salesman any more. He told me, Madame, about a girl — the young bride of a rich old man. When the old man found her with her lover, he knifed the boy and threw the body from a boat into the sea. Then he cut off all his wife’s long black hair, the way they did in the war, for fraternizing.²

“The young bride walked out into the sea, crazy with sorrow, looking for her lover. The salesman bought the hair. What a pig. How could I buy any more from such a brute? I am an artist, Madame, a very sensitive man.”

Monica Dickens

²fraternizing – being friendly with the enemy

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